

**THE**  
**FAMOUS VIC-**  
**TORIES OF HENRY**

The fifth:

CONTAINING  
the Honourable Battell of  
**AGINCOURT.**

*As it was Acted by the Kinges Maiesties  
Seruants.*



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# THE FAMOUS

*Victories of Henry the fifth, Containing the  
Honourable Battell of Agin-court.*

*Enter the young Prince, Ned, and Tom.*

*Henry the fifth.*

**C**ome away Ned and Tom.

*Both.* Here my Lord.

*Hen. 5.* Come away my Lads.

Tell me sirs, how much gold haue you got.

*Ned.* Faith my Lord, I haue got five hundred pound.

*Hen. 5.* But tell me *Tom*, how much hast thou got?

*Tom.* Faith my Lord, some foure hundred pound.

*Hen.* Foure hundred pounds, brauely spoken Lads.

But tell me sirs, thinke you not that it was a villainous part  
of me to rob my Fathers Reeceyvers?

*Ned.* Why, no my Lord, it was but a tricke of youth.

*Hen. 5.* Faith *Ned*, thou sayest true.

But tell me sirs, where abouts are we?

*Tom.* My Lord, we are now about a mile off London.

*Hen. 5.* But sirs, I maruell that sir *John Oldcastle*  
Comes not away: Sounde see where he comes.

*Enters Iockey.*

How now *Iockey*, what newes with thee?

*Iockey.* Faith my Lord, such newes as passeeth,  
For the towne of *Detfort* is risen,

A 2

With

### *The famous Victories*

VVith hue and crie after your man,  
Which parted from vs the last night,  
And has set vpon, and hath robd a poore Carrier.

*Hen. 5.* Sownes, the villaine that was wont to spie  
Out our booties.

*Jack.* I my Lord, euen the very same.

*Hen. 5.* Now base minded rascall to rob a poore carrier,  
Well it skils not, ile saue the base villaines life:

I, I may: but tell me *Jackey*, whereabout be the Receyuers.

*Loc.* Faith my Lord, they are hard by,  
But the best is, we are a horse backe, and they be a foote,  
So we may escape them.

*Hen. 5.* Well, I the villaines come, let mee alone with  
them.

But tell me *Jackey*, how much gets thou from the knaues,  
For I am sure I got something, for one of the villaines

So belamde me about the shoulders,

As I shall feele it this moneth.

*Jack.* Faith my Lord, I haue got a hundred pound.

*Hen. 5.* A hundred pound, now brauely spoken *Jackey*:

But come sirs, lay all your money before me,

Now by heauen here is a braue shew:

But as I am true Gentleman, I will haue the halfe

Of this spent to-night, but sirs, take vp your bags.

Here comes the Receyuers, let me alone.

*Enters two Receyuers.*

*One.* Alas good fellow, what shall we doe?  
I dare neuer go home to the Court, for I shall be hangde;  
But here is the yong Prince, what shall we do?

*Hen. 5.* How now you villaines, what are you?

*One Recey.* Speake you to him.

*Other.* No I pray, speake you to him.

*Hen. 5.* Why how now you rascals, why speake you not

*One.* Forsooth we be, Pray speake you to him.

*Hen. 5.* Sowns, villaines speake, or ile cut off your heads.

*Ex. Hen.*



*of Henry the fifth.*

*Other.* Forsooth he can tell the tale better then I.

*One.* Forsooth we be your fathers Receyuers?

*Hen. 5.* Are you my fathers Receyuers.

Then I hope yce haue brought me some money.

*One.* Money : Alasse sir wee be robd.

*Hen. 5.* Robd, how many were there of them,

*One.* Marry sir there were foure of them,

And one of them had Sir Iohn Oldcastles bay Hobby,  
And your blacke Nag.

*Hen. 5.* Gogs wounds how like you this Iockey,  
Blood you villaines : my father robd of his money abroad  
And we in our stables.

But tell me how many were there of them.

*One Recey.* If it please you, there were foure of them,  
And there was one about the bignesse of you :  
But I am sure I so belamde him about the shoulders,  
That he will feele it this moneth.

*Hen. 5.* Gogs wounds you lambde them fairely,  
So that they haue carryed away your money.  
But come firs what shall we doe with the villaines.

*Both Recey.* I beseech your grace be good to vs.

*Ned.* I pray you my Lord forgiue them this once.  
Well stand vp and get you gone,  
And looke that you speake not a word of it,  
For if there be, sownes ile hang you and all your kin,

*Exit Pursuant.*

*Hen. 5.* Now firs, how like you this,  
Was not this brauely done :

For now the villaines dare not speake a word of it,  
I haue so feared them vvith vvords.  
Now vvwhether shall vve go.

*All.* Why my Lord, you knowv our old Hostesse at *Fewersham.*

*Hen. 5.* Our Hostesse at *Fewersham*, bloud vvhat shall vve  
doe there, We haue a thousand pound about vs.

### *The famous Victories.*

And we shall go to a petty Alehouse.  
No, no : you know the old Tauerne in Eastchespe,  
There is good wine : besides there is a pretty wench  
That can talke well, for I delight as much in their tongues,  
As any part about them.

*All* We are ready to wayte vpon your grace.

*Hen. 5.* Gogs wounds wait, we will go altogether,  
We are all fellowes, I tell you firs, and the King my father  
were dead, wee would be all Kings,  
Therefore come away.

*Ned.* Gogs wounds, brauely spoken *Harry.*

*Enter Iohn Cobler, Robin Pewterer, Lawrence  
Costermonger.*

*Iohn Cob.* All is well here, all is well Masters.

*Robin.* How say you neighbour *Iohn Cobler?*

I thinke it best that my neighbour

*Robin Pewterer* went to Pudding lane end,

And we will watch here at Billinsgate ward.

How say you neighbour *Robin*, how like you this?

*Robin.* Marry well neighbours :

I care not much if I go to Pudding lane end.

But neighbours, and you heare any adoe about me,

Make haste : and if I heare any adoe about you,

I will come to you.

*Exit Robin.*

*Law.* Neighbor what news heare you of the yong Prince:

*Iohn* Marry neighbour, I heare say, he is a toward young

For if he meet any by the high way, (Prince,

He will not let to talke with him,

I dare not call him theefe, but sure he is one of these taking  
(fellowes.

*Law.* Indeed neighbour, I heare say hee is as liuely

A young Prince as euer was.

*Iohn.* I, and I heare say, if he vse it long,

His father will cut him off from the Crowne:

But

of Henry the fifth.

But neighbour say nothing of that.

*Law.* No, no, neighbour I warrant you.

*John.* Neighbour, me thinkes you begin to sleepe,  
If you will, we will sit downe,  
For I thinke it is about midnight.

*Law.* Marry content neighbour, let vs sleepe.

*Enter Dericke rousing.*

*Dericke.* Who, who there, who there?

*Exit Dericke.*

*Enter Robin.*

*Robin.* O neighbours, what meane you to sleepe,  
And such adoe in the streetes?

*Ambo.* How now neighbour, whats the matter?

*Enter Dericke againe.*

*Dericke.* Who there, who there, who there?

*Cobler.* Why, what aylest thou? here is no horses.

*Derick.* O alas man, I am robd, who there, who there.

*Robin.* Hold him neighbour *Cobler.*

*Robin.* Why I see thou art a plaine Clowne.

*Dericke.* Am I a Clowne, sownes masters,

Do Clownes goe in filke apparrell.

I am sure all we Gentlemen Clownes in *Kent* scant goe so  
well: Sounes you know Clownes very well.

Heare you, are you Master Constable, and you be speake:  
For I will not take it at his hands.

*John.* Faith I am not Master Constable,

But I am one of his bad officers, for he is not here.

*Derick.* Is not master Constable here.

Well it is no matter, Ile haue the law at his hands.

*John.* Nay I pray you do not take the law of vs.

*Der.* you are one of his beastly officers.

*John.* I am one of his bad officers.

*Der.* Why then I charge thee looke to him.

*Cobler.* Nay but heare yee sir, you seeme to be an honest  
Fellow, and we are poore men, and now tis night,

And

*The famous Victories*

And we would be ioath to haue any thing adoo,  
Therefore I pray thee put it vp.

*Der.* First, thou sayest true, I am an honest fellow,  
And a proper handsome fellow too,  
And you seem to be poore men, therefore I care not greatly,  
Nay I am quickly pacified,  
But and you chance to spie the theefe,  
I pray you lay hold on him.

*Robin.* Yes that we will, I warrant you.

*Der.* Tis a wonderfull thing to see how glad the knaue  
is, now I haue forgiuen him,

*John.* Neighbours, doe yee looke about you,  
How now, who's there.

*Enter the theefe.*

*Theefe.* Here is a good fellow. I pray you which is the  
way to the olde Tauerne in Eastcheape.

*Der.* Whoope hollo, now *Gads hill*, knowest thou mee.

*Theefe.* I know thee for an Assle.

*Der.* And I know thee for a taking fellow.  
Vpon *Gads hill* in Kent.

A bots light vpon you.

*Theefe.* The whorson villaine would be knockt.

*Der.* Masters, villaine, and ye be men stand to him,  
And take his weapon from him, let him not passe you.

*John.* My friend, what make you abroad now?  
It is too late to walke now.

*Theefe.* It is not too late for true men to walke,

*Law.* We know thee not to be a true man.

*Theefe.* VVhy what doe you meane to doe with me.  
Sounes I am one of the Kings liege people.

*Der.* Heare you sir, are you one of the kings liege people

*Theefe.* I marry am I sir, what say you to it.

*Der.* Marry sir, I say you are one of the Kings filching

*Cob.* Come, come, lets haue him avvay. (people

*Thiefe.* Why vvhat haue I done.

*Robin.*

*of Henry the fifth.*

*Robin.* Thou hast robd a poore fellow,  
And taken away his goods from him.

*Theefe.* I neuer saw him before.

*Der.* Maisters who comes here?

*Enter the Vintners boy.*

*Boy.* How now good man Cobler?

*Cob.* How now *Robin*, what makes thou abroad  
At this time of night?

*Boy.* Marrie I haue bene at the Counter,  
I can tell such newes as neuer you haue hearde the like.

*Cobler.* What is that *Robin*, what is the matter?

*Boy.* Why this night about two houres agoe, there  
came the young Prince, and three or foure more of his  
companions, and called for Wine good store, and then  
they sent for a noyse of Musicians, and were very merry  
for the space of an houre, then whether their Musicke li-  
ked them not, or whether they had drunke too much  
Wine or no, I cannot tell, but our pots flew against the  
walls, and then they drewe their swords, and went into  
the street and fought, and some tooke one part, & some  
tooke another, but for the space of halfe an houre, there  
was such a bloody fray as passeth, and none could parte  
them vntill such time as the Mayor & Sheriffe were sent  
for, and then at last, with much adoo, they tooke them  
and so the young Prince was carryed to the Counter,  
and then about one houre after, there came a messenger  
from the Court in all haste, from the King, for my Lorde  
Mayor and the Sheriffe, but for what cause I know not.

*Cobler.* Here is newes indeed *Robert.*

*Law.* Marry Neighbour, this newes is strange in-  
deede, I thinke it best Neighbour, to rid our hands of  
this fellow first.

*Theefe.* What meane you to doo with me?

*Cobler.* Wee meane to carry you to the Prison, and  
there to remaine till the Sessions day.

B

*Theefe.*

### *The famous Victories*

*Theefe.* Then I pray you let me go to the prison where my Maister is.

*Cob.* Nay, thou must goe to the Countrey prison, to Newgate, therefore come away.

*Theefe.* I prethee be good to me honest fellow.

*Der.* I marry will I, ile be very charitable to thee, For I wil neuer leaue thee, til I see thee on the gallows.

*Enter Henry the fourth, with the Earle of Exeter,  
and the Lord of Oxford.*

*Oxf.* And please your Maiestie, here is my Lord Mayor, and the Sheriffe of London, to speake with your Ma-  
*K. Hen. 4.* Admit them to our presence. (iestie.

*Enter the L. Mayor, and the Sheriffe.*

*K.* Now my good Lord Mayor of London,  
The cause of my sending for you at this time, is to tell you of a matter which I haue learned of my Councell: Herein I vnderstand, that you haue cōmitted my Sonne to prison without our leaue & license. What although he be a rude youth, and likely to giue occasion, yet you might haue considered that he is a Prince, & my Sonne, and not to be halled to prison by euery subiect.

*Mayor.* May it please your Maiestie to giue vs leaue to tell our tale?

*King Hen. 4.* Or else God forbid, otherwise you might thinke me an vnequall iudge, hauing more affection to my Sonne, then to any rightfull iudgement.

*May.* Then I do not doubt but we shal rather deserue cōmendations at your Maiesties hands, then any anger.

*K. Hen. 4.* Go too, say on.

*Mayor.* Then if it please your Maiestie, this night betwixt two & three of the clock in the morning my Lord the yong Prince with a very disordred company, came to the old Tauerne in *Eastcheape*, and whether it was that their *musick* liked them not, or whether they were ouercom with wine, I know not, but they drue their swords,

and

*of Henry the fifth.*

and into the streete they went, & some took my L. the yong Princes part, & som tooke the other, but betwixt the there was such a bloudie fray for the space of halfe an houre, that neyther watchmen, nor any other could stay them, till my brother the Sheriffe of *London* and I were sent for, and at the last, with much ado we stayed them, but it was long first, which was a great disquieting to all your louing Subiects thereabouts : and then my good Lord, we knew not whether your grace had sent them to trie vs, whether we would do iustice, or whether it were of their own voluntary will or not, we cannot tell : and therefore in such a case we knew not what to doe, but for our owne safegard we sent him to ward, wher he wanteth nothing that is fit for his grace and your Maiesties son. And thus most humbly beseeching your Maiesty to thinke of our answer.

*Hen. 4.* Stand aside vntill we haue further deliberated on your answer.

*Exit Maior.*

Ah *Harry, Harry*, now thrice accursed *Harry*,  
That hath gotten a sonne, which with grieve  
Will end his Fathers dayes.

O my sonne, a Prince thou art, I a Prince in deed,  
And to deserue imprisonment,  
And well they haue done, and like faithfull subiects :  
Discharge them and let them goe.

*L. Exe.* I beseech your Grace be good to my Lorde  
the young Prince.

*Hen. 4.* Nay, nay, tis no matter, let him alone.

*L. Ox.* Perchance the Mayor and the Sheriffe haue  
beene too precise in this matter.

*Hen. 4.* No, they haue done like faithfull subiects,  
I will goe my selfe to discharge them, and let them go.

*Exit omnes.*

*Enter Lord chiefe Iustice, Clarke of the Office, Iayler,  
Iohn Cobler, Dericke, and the Therser.*

B 2

*Judge.*



*The famous Victoryes*

*Judge.* Tayler bring the Prisoner to the barre.

*Der.* Heare you my Lorde, I pray you bring the barre to the Prisoner.

*Judge.* Hold thy hand vp at the barre.

*Theefe.* Here it is my Lord.

*Judge.* Clearke of the Office, reade his inditement.

*Clearke.* What is thy name?

*Theefe.* My name was knowne before I came heere, And shall be when I am gone, I warrant you.

*Judge.* I, I thinke so, but wee will know it better before thou goe.

*Der.* Sownes and you doe but send to the next Iaille, We are sure to know his name;

For this is not the first prison he hath bene in, ile war-

*Clearke.* What is thy name? (rant your.

*Theefe.* What need you to aske, & haue it in writing?

*Clearke.* Is not thy name *Cutbert Cutter*?

*Theefe.* What the Diuell neede you aske, and know it so well;

*Clearke.* Why then *Cutbert Cutter*, I indite thee by the name of *Cutbert Cutter*, for robbing a poore Carrier the 10. day of May last past, in the fourteen yeare of the raigne of our Soueraigne Lord King *Henry* the fourth, for setting vpon a poore Carrier vpon Gads hil in Kent, and hauing beaten and wounded the said Carryer, and taken his goods from him.

*Der.* Oh maisters stay there, nay lets neuer belie the man, for he hath not beaten and wounded me also, but he hath beaten and wounded my packe, and hath taken the great race of Ginger, that bouncing *Besse* with the iolly buttocks should haue had, that grieues me most.

*Judge.* Well, what sayest thou, art thou guilty, or not guyltie?

*Theefe.* Not guilty, my Lord.

*Judge.* By whom wilt thou be tride?

*Theefe.*



*of Henry the fifth,*

*Theefe.* By my Lord the young Prince, or by my selfe, whether you will.

*Enter the young Prince, with Ned and Tom.*

*Hen. 5.* Come away my Lads, Gogs wounds ye villaine, what make you here ? I must goe about my businesse my selfe, and you must stand loytering here.

*Theefe.* Why my Lord, they haue bound mee, and will not let me go.

*Hen. 5.* Haue they bound thee villain, why how now my Lord.

*Iudge.* I am glad to see your Grace in good health.

*Hen. 5.* Why my Lord, this is my man,  
Tis maruell you knew him not long before this,  
I tell you he is a man of his hands.

*Theefe.* I Gogs wounds that I am, try me who dare.

*Iudge.* Your Grace shall finde small credite by acknowledging him to be your man.

*Hen. 5.* Why my Lord, what hath he done, (Carrier.

*Ind.* And it please your Maiesty, he hath robbed a poore

*Der.* Heare you sir, marry it was one *Dericke*,  
Goodman *Hobblings* man of *Kent*.

*Hen. 5.* What, wast you butson breech.  
Of my word my Lord, he did it but it in iest.

*Ind.* Heare you sir, is it your mans quality to rob folkes in iest. In faith he shall be hangde in earnest.

*Hen. 5.* Well my Lord, what doe you meane to do with my man.

*Iudge.* And please your Grace the Law must passe on him, according to iustice, then he must be executed.

*Der.* Heare you sir, I pray you, is it your mans quality to rob folkes in iest, In faith he shall be hangd in iest.

*Hen. 5.* Well my Lord once againe, what meane you to doe with him.

*Iudge.* And please your Grace according to Law and iustice he must be hangd.

### *The famous Victories*

*Hen. 5.* Why then belike you meane to hang my mā.

*Iudge.* I am sorry that it fals out so.

*Hen. 5.* Why my Lord, I pray yee who am I.

*Iud.* And please your Grace, you are my L. the yong Prince, our King that shall be after the decease of our soueraigne Lord, K. *Henry* the fourth, whom God grant long to raigne.

*Hen. 5.* You say true my Lord :

And you will hang my man.

*Iudg.* And like your Grace, I must needs doe iustice.

*Hen. 5.* Tell mee my Lord, shall I haue my man ?

*Iudg.* I cannot my Lord.

*Hen. 5.* But will you not let him goe.

*Iud.* I am sorry that his case is so ill.

*Hen. 5.* Tush case me no casings, shal I haue my man?

*Iudge.* I cannot, nor I may not my Lord.

*Hen. 5.* Nay, and I shall not say, & the I am answered

*Iudge.* No.

*Hen. 5.* No, then I will haue him.

*He giueth him a boxe on the eare.*

*Ned.* Gogs wounds my Lord, shal I cnt off his head

*Hen. 5.* No, I charge you draw not your swordes,  
But get you hence, prouide a noyse of Musicians,  
Away, be gone.

*Exeunt the Theefe.*

*Iudg.* Well my Lord, I am content to take it at your hands.

*Hen. 5.* Nay and you be not, you shall haue more.

*Iudge.* Why I pray you my Lord, who am I.

*Hen. 5.* You, who knowes not you,  
VVhy man, you are Lord chiefe Iustice of England.

*Iudg.* Your Grace hath said truth, therefore in striking me in this place, you greatly abuse me, and not me only but also your Father: whose liuely person here in this place I do represent. And therefore to teach you what pre-

*of Henry the fifth,*

rogatives meane, I commit you to the Fleet, vntill wee  
haue spoken with your father.

*Hen. 5.* VVhy then belike you meane to send mee to  
the Fleete.

*Iudge.* I indeed, and therefore carry him away.

*Exeunt Henry 5. with the Officers.*

*Iudge.* Iayler carry the prisoner to Newgate againe  
vntill the next Sises,

*Iay.* At your commandement my Lord it shall bee

*Enter Dericke and Iohn Cobler.* (done.)

*Der.* Sownds maisters, heres adoo,

VVhen Princes must go to prison :

VVhy *Iohn.* didst euer see the like :

*Ioh.* O *Dericke,* trust me, I neuer saw the like. (Ier,

*Der.* Why *Iohn* thou maist see what princes be in chol-

A Iudge a boxe on the eare, Ile tell thee *Iohn,* O *Iohn,*

I would not haue done it for twenty shillings.

*Iohn* No nor I, there had beene no way but one with  
We should haue been hangde. (vs.)

*Der.* Faith *Iohn,* Ile tell thee what, thou shalt bee my  
Lord chiefe Iustice, and thou shalt sit in the Chaire,  
And ile be the yong Prince, & hit thee a box on the ear  
And then thou shalt say, to teach you what preroga-  
tives meane, I commit you to the Fleete.

*Iohn.* Come on, ile be your iudge,  
But thou shalt not hit me hard.

*Der.* No, no.

*Iohn* What hath he done.

*Der.* Marry he hath robd *Dericke.*

*Iohn* Why then I cannot let him goe,

*Der.* I must needes haue my man.

*Iohn* You shall not haue him.

*Der.* Shall I not haue my man, say no and you dare :  
How say you, shall I not haue my man ?

*Iohn,* No marry shall you not.

### *The famous Victories*

*Der.* Shall I not *Iohn*?

*Iohn.* No *Dericke*.

*Der.* Why then take you that till more come,  
Sownes, shall I not haue him?

*Iohn.* Well I am content to take this at your hand,  
But I pray you, who am I?

*Der.* Who art thou, Sownds, dost not know thy self?

*Iohn.* No.

*Der.* Now away simple fellow,  
Why man, thou art *Iohn* the Cöbler.

*Iohn.* No, I am my Lord chiefe Iustice of England.

*Der.* Oh *Iohn*, Masse thou sayst true, thou art indeed.

*Ioh.* Why then to teach you what prerogatiues mean  
I commit you to the Fleete.

*Der.* wel, I will go, but ysaith you gray beard knaue,

*Exit.* And straight enters againe. (He course you.

Oh *Iohn*, Com, come out of thy chair, why what a clown  
weart thou, to let me hit thee a boxe on the eare, & now  
thou seest they will not take mee to the Fleet, I thinke  
that thou art one of these VVorenday Clownes.

*Iohn.* But I maruell what will become of thee?

*Der.* Faith, ile be no more a Carrier.

*Iohn.* What wilt thou then do?

*Der.* Ile dwell with thee and be a Cöbler.

*Iohn.* With me, alas, I am not able to keepe thee,  
VVhy thou wilt eate me out of dores.

*Der.* Oh *Iohn*, no *Iohn*, I am none of these great flou-  
ching fellows that denoure these great peeces of beefe  
& brewes, alas, a trifle serues me, a woodcoke, a chic-  
ken, or a Capons leg, or any such little thing serues me.

*Iohn.* A Capon, why man I cannot get a Capon once  
a yeare, except it be at Christmas, at some other mans  
house, for we Cöblers be glad of a dish of reates,

*Der.* Rootes, why are you so good at rooting?  
Nay Cöbler, weele haue you ringde.

*Iohn*

*of Henry the fifth.*

*John.* But *Dericke* though we be so poore,  
Yet will we haue in store a Crab in the fire,  
With Nut-browne Ale, that is full stale.  
Which will a man quaille, and lay in the myre.

*Der.* A bots on you, and be but for your Ale,  
Ile dwell with you, come lets away as fast as we can.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter the young Prince with Ned and Tom.*

*Hen. 5.* Come away sirs, Gogs wounds *Ned*,  
Didst thou not see what a boxe on the eare  
I toke my Lord chiefe-Justice?

*Tom.* By gogs blood it did me good to see it,  
It made his teeth iarre in his head.

*Enter sir Iohn Old-castle.*

*Henry 5.* How now sir *Iohn Old-Castle*?  
What newes with you?

*Ioh. Old-cast.* I am glad to see your Grace at libertie,  
I was come I, to visite you in Prison.

*Hen. 5.* To visit me, didst thou not know that I am a  
Princes sonne? why tis enough for me to looke into a pri-  
son, thogh I come not in my selfe, but heres such adoo now  
adayes, heres prisoning, heres hanging, whipping, and the  
Diuell and all: but I tell you sirs, when I am King, wee  
will haue no such things, but my Lads, if the olde King my  
Father were dead, we would be all Kings.

*Ioh. Old.* Hee is a good olde man, God take him to his  
mercie the sooner.

*Hen. 5.* But *Ned*, so soone as I am King, the first thing I  
will doo, shalbe to put my Lord chiefe Iustice out of office,  
and thou shalt be my L: chiefe Iustice of England.

*Ned.* Shall I be Lord chiefe Iustice?  
By gogs wounds ile be the brauest Lord chiefe Iustice  
That euer was in England.

*Hen. 5.* Then *Ned*, ile turne all these prisons into Fence-  
schooles, and I will endue thee with them, with Landes to

### *The famous Victories*

maintaine them withall, and then I will haue about with my Lord chiefe Iustice, thou shalt hang none but pick-purses, and Horse-stealers, and such base minded villaines, but that fellow that will stand by the High-way side courageously, with his Sword and buckler, and take a purse, that fellowe giue him commendations : beside that, send him to mee, and I will giue him an annuall pension out of my Exchequer, to maintaine him all the dayes of his life.

*Iob.* Nobly spoken *Harry*, wee shall neuer haue a merry world till the old King be dead.

*Ned.* But whether are yee going now ?

*Hen. 5.* To the Court, for I heare say, my Father lyes verie sicke.

*Tom.* But I doubt he will not die.

*Hen. 5.* Yet will I goe thither, for the breath shall be no sooner out of his mouth, but I will clap the Crowne on my head.

*Iockey.* Will you goe to the Court with that Cloake so full of needles ?

*Hen. 5.* Cloake, ilat-hoales, needles, and all was of mine owne deuising, and therefore I will weare it.

*Tom.* I pray you (my Lord,) what my bee the meaning thereof ?

*Hen. 5.* Why man, tis a' signe that I stand vppon thornes, till the Crowne be on my head.

*Iockey.* Or that euery Needle might be, a pricke to theyr hearts that repine at your doings.

*Hen. 5.* Thou sayst true *Iockey*, but theres some will say, the young Prince will bee a well-toward young-man, and all this geare, that I had as leeuie they would breake my head with a pot, as to say any such thing, but wee stand prating here too long : I must needes speake with my Father, therefore come away.

*Porter.* What arapping keepe you at the Kings Courte Gate ?

*Hen. 5.*

*of Henry the fifth.*

*Hen. 5.* Heres one that must speake with the King,  
*Por.* The King is very sicke, and none must speake with him.

*Hen. 5.* No you rascall, do you not know me.

*Por.* You are my Lord the young Prince.

*Hen.* Then go and tell my father, that I must and will speake with him.

*Ned.* Shall I cut off his head.

*Hen. 5.* No, no, though I would helpe you in other places yet I haue nothing to doo here, what you are in my fathers Court.

*Ned.* I will wrire him in my Tables, for so soone as I am made Lord chiefe Iustice, I will put him out of his office.

*The Trumpet sounds.*

*Hen. 5.* Gogs wounds firs, the King comes,  
Lets all stand aside.

*Enter the King with the Lord of Exeter.*

*Hen. 4.* And is it true my Lord, that my sonne is already sent to the Fleet: now truly that man is more fitter to rule the Realme then I, for by no meanes could I rule my son, and hee by one word hath caused him to be ruled. Oh my sonne, my sonne, no sooner out of one prison, but into an other. I had thought once whiles I had lined, to haue scene this noble Realm of England flourish by thee my son but now I see it goes to ruine and decay.

*Hee weepes.*

*Enters Lord of Oxford.*

*Oxf.* And please your grace, here is my Lord your sonne,  
That commeth to speake with you,  
He sayth he must and will speake with you.

*Hen. 4.* Who my sonne Harry?

*Oxf.* I and please your Maiestie.

*Hen. 4.* I know wherefore he commeth,  
But looke that none come with him.



## *The famous Victories*

*Oxf.* A very disorder'd companie, and such as make  
Very ill rule in your Maiesties house,

*Hen. 4.* Well, let him come,  
But looke that none come with him.

*He goeth.*

*Oxf.* And please your Grace,  
My Lord the King, sends for you.

*Hen. 5.* Come away sirs, lets goe all together.

*Oxf.* And please your grace none must goe with you.

*Hen. 5.* Why, I must needs haue them with me,  
Otherwise I can doo my Father no countenance,  
Therefore come away.

*Oxf.* The King your Father commaunds  
There should none come.

*Hen. 5.* Well sirs, then be gone,  
And provide me three noyse of Musicians.

*Exeunt Knights.*

*Enters the Prince with a dagger in his hand.*

*Hen. 4.* Come my Sonne, come on a Gods name,

I know wherefore thy coming is,

Oh my sonne, my sonne, what cause hath euer bene,  
That thou shouldst forsake mee, and foliowe this vilde and  
Reprobate company, which abuseth youth so manifestly:  
Oh my sonne, thou knowest that these thy doings  
Will end thy Fathers dayes.

*Hee weepes.*

I so, so, my sonne, thou fearest not to approach the presence  
of thy sicke Father, in that disguised sort, I tell thee my  
sonne, that there is neuer a needle in thy cloke, but it is a  
pricke to my heart, and neuer an ilat-hole, but it is a hole to  
my soule: and wherefore thou bringest that dagger in thy  
hand I know not, but by coniecture.

*He weepes.*

*Hen. 5.* My conscience accuseth me, most soueraign Lord,  
and welbeloued Father, to answere first to the last poynt,  
That



*of Henry the fifth.*

That is, whereas you coniecture that this hand and this dagger shall be arme against your life: no, know my beloued father, far be the thoughts of your sonne, sonne saide I, an vnworthy sonne for so good a father: but far be the thoughts of any such pretended mischiefe: and I most humbly render it to your Maiesties hand, and liue my Lord and soueraigne for euer; and with your dagger arme show like vengeance vpon the body of that your sonne, I was about say, and dare not, ah woe is me therefore, that your wilde slaue, tis not the Crowne that I come for, sweete Father, because I am vnworthy, and those vilde and reprobate companions I abandon, and vterly abolish their company for euer. Pardon sweet father, pardon; the least thing and most desire: and this rustianly cloake, I here teare from my back, and sacrifice it to the diuell, which is master of all mischief: Pardo me, sweet father, pardon me, good my Lord of Exeter speake for me: pardon me, pardon good father, not a word: ah he will not speake one word: A *Harry*, now thrice vnhappy *Harry*. But what shall I doe: I will go take mee into some solitary place, and there lament my sinfull life, & when I haue done, I will lay me downe and die.

*Exit.*

*Hen. 4.* Call him againe, call my sonne againe.

*Hen. 5.* And doth my father call me againe; now *Harry*, Happy be the time that thy father calleth thee againe.

*Hen. 4.* Stand vp my sonne, and do not thinke thy Father But at the request of thee my sonne, I will pardon thee, And God blesse thee, and make thee his seruant.

*Hen. 5.* Thanks good my Lord; & no doubt but this day, Euen this day, I am borne new againe.

*Hen. 4.* Come my son and Lords, take me by the hands, I am borne new againe. *Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Dericke.*

*Der.* Thou art a stinking whore, and a whorson stinking Doeft thinke it ile take it at thy hands.

*(where,*

## The famous Victories.

*Enter Iohn Cobler running.*

*Iohn. Derick, D.D. Hearesta,*  
DOD. neuer while thou livest vse that,  
Why what will my neighbours say, and thou go away so?  
*Der.* Shees a narrant whore, and ile haue the Law on  
you *Iohn.*

*Iohn.* Why what hath she done?

*Der.* Marry marke thou *Iohn,*  
I will proue it that I will.

*Iohn.* What wilt thou proue?

*Der.* That she cald me in to dinner.

*Iohn,* marke the tale well *Iohn,* and when I was set  
She brought me a dish of roots, & a peece of barell butter,  
therein; and she is a very knawe,  
And thou a drab if thou take her part.

*Ioh.* Hearesta *Dericke,* is this the matter?

Nay, and it be no worfe, we will go home again,  
And all shall be amended.

*Der.* Oh *Iohn,* hearesta *Iohn,* is all well?

*Ioh.* I, all is well.

*Der.* Then ile go home before, and breake all the Glasse.  
windowes.

*Enter the King with his Lords.*

*Hen. 4.* Come my Lords, I see it boots mee not to take a-  
ny physike, for all the Physitians in the world cannot cure  
mee, no not one. But good my Lords, remember my last  
Will and Testament concerning my sonne, for truly my  
Lords, I do not thinke but he will proue as valiant and vic-  
torious a King, as euer raigned in England.

*Both.* Let heauen and earth be witnesse betweene vs, if  
wee accomplish not thy will to the vttermost.

*H. 4.* I giue you most vnfaigned thanks, good my Lords,  
Draw the Curtaines and depart my chamber a while,  
And cause some Musicke to rocke me a sleepe.

*He sleepeth.*

*Exeunt Lords.*

*Enter*

*of Henry the fifth.*

*Enter the Prince.*

*Hen. 5.* Ah *Harry*, thrice unhappy, that hath neglected so long from visiting of thy sicke father, I will goe, nay but why doe I not goe to the Chamber of my sicke father, to comfort the melancholy soule of his body, his soule said I, heere is his body, but his soule is, whereas it needs no bodie. Now thrice accursed *Harry*, that hath offended thy father so much, and could not I craue pardon for all. Oh my dying father curst be the day wherein I was borne, and accursed be the houre wherein I was begotten, but what shall I doe if weeping teares which come too late, may suffice the negligence neglected to some; I will weepe day and night vntill the fountaine be drie with weeping.

*Exit.*

*Enter Lord of Exeter and Oxford.*

*Ex.* Come easily my Lord, for waking of the King,

*Hen. 4.* Now my Lords.

*Oxf.* How doth your Grace feele your selfe?

*Hen. 4.* Somewhat better after my sleepe,

But good my Lord take off my Crowne,  
Remoue my Chayre a little backe, and set me right.

*Ambo.* And please your grace the crown is taken away.

*Hen. 4.* The Crowne taken away,

Good my Lord of *Oxford*, go see who hath done this deed:  
No doubt tis some vilde traytor that hath done it,  
To deprive my sonne, they that would doe it now,  
Would seeke to scrape and scrawle for it after my death.

*Enter Lord of Oxford with the Prince.*

*Oxf.* Here and please your Grace,  
Is my Lord the yong Prince with the Crowne.

*Hen. 4.* Why how now my sonne,  
I had thought the last time I had you in schooling;  
I had given you a lesson for all,  
And do you now begin againe:  
Why tell me my sonne,

*Doest*

*The famous Victories.*

Doest thou thinke the time so long,  
That thou wouldest haue it before the  
Breath be out of my mouth.

*Hen. 5.* Most soueraigne Lord, and welbeloued father,  
I came into your Chamber to comfort the melancholy  
Soule of your body, and finding you at that time,  
Past all recovery, and dead to my thinking,  
God is my witnesse, and what should I doo,  
But with weeping teares lamest the death of you my fa-  
And after that, seeing the Crowne I tooke it: (ther,  
And tell me my father, who might better take it then I,  
After your death, but seeing you liue,  
I most humbly render it into your Maiesties hands,  
And the happiest man aliue, that my father liue:  
And liue my Lord and father for euer.

*Hen.* Stand vp my sonne,  
Thine answere hath sounded well in mine eares,  
For I must needs confesse that I was in a very sound sleepe,  
And altogether vnmindfull of thy coming:  
But come neare my sonne,  
And let mee put thee in possession whilst I liue,  
That none deprive thee of it after my death.

*Hen. 5.* Well may I take it at your Maiesties hands,  
But is shal neuer touch my head, so long as my father liues.

*He taketh the Crowne.*

*Hen. 4.* God giue thee ioy my sonne,  
God blesse thee, and make thee his seruant,  
And send thee a prosperous raigne.  
For God knowes my sonne, how hardly I came by it,  
And how hardly I haue maintained it.

*Hen. 5.* Howsoeuer you came by it, I know now,  
And now I haue it from you, and from you I wil keepe it:  
And he that seekes to take the Crown from my head,  
Let him looke that his armour be thicker then mine,  
Or I will pearce him to the heart,

Were

*of Henry the fifth.*

Were it harder then brasſe or ballion.

*Hen. 4.* Nobly ſpoken, and like a King.  
Now truſt me my Lords, I feare not but my Sonne  
Will be as warlike and victorious a Prince,  
As euerraigne in England.

*L. Ambo.* His former life ſhewes no leſſe.

*Hen. 4.* Well my lords I know not whether it be for ſleepe,  
Or drawing heare of drowſie ſummer of death,  
But I am very much giuen to ſleepe,  
Therefore good my Lords and my Sonne,  
Draw the Curtaines, depart my Chamber,  
And cauſe ſome Muſicke to rocke me a ſleepe.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*The King dyeth.*

*Enter the Theefe.*

*Theefe.* Ah God, I am now much like to a Byrd  
Which hath eſcaped out of the Cage,  
For ſo ſoone as my Lord chiefe Juſtice heard  
That the old King was dead, he was glad to let me go,  
For feare of my Lord the young Prince:  
But here comes ſome of his companions,  
I will ſee and I can get any thing of them,  
For olde acquaintance.

*Enter Knights ranning.*

*Tom.* Gogs wounds the King is dead.

*Ioc.* Dead, then gogs blood, wee ſhall be all Kings,

*Ned.* Gogs wounds, I ſhall be Lord chiefe Juſtice  
of England.

*Tom.* Why, how are you broken out of priſon?

*Ned.* Gogs wounds, how the villaine ſtirkes?

*Iock.* Why what will become of thee now?

Eye vpon him, how the Raſcall ſtinkes.

*Theefe.* Marry I vwill goe and ſerue my Maiſter againe.

*Tom.* Gogs blood, doeſt think that he vwill haue any ſuch  
Scabdknaue as thou art? What man he is a King novv.

*D*

*Ned.*

### *The famous Victoryes*

*Ned.* Hold thee, heres a couple of Angels for thee;  
And get thee gone, for the King will not be long  
Before he come this way:  
And hereafter I will tell the King of thee.

*Exit These.*

*Ioc.* Oh how it did me good to see the King  
When he was Crowned.

Me thought his seate was like the figure of heauen,  
And his person like vnto a God.

*Ned.* But who would haue thought  
That the King would haue chang'd his countenance so?

*Iock.* Did you not see with what grace  
He sent his Embassage into *France*, to tell the *French King*  
That *Harry of England* hath sent for the Crowne,  
And *Harry of England* will haue it.

*Tom.* But twas but a little to make the people belieue,  
That hee was sorrie for his Fathers death.

*The Trumpets sounds.*

*Ned.* Gods wounds, the King comes,  
Lets all stand aside.

*Enter the King with the Archbysop and  
the Lord of Oxford.*

*Iock.* How doo you my Lord?

*Ned.* How now *Harry*?

Tut my Lord, put away these dumps,  
You are a King, and all the Realme is yours:  
What man? do you not remember the old sayings,  
You know I must be Lord chiefe Iustice of *England*,  
Trust mee my lord, me thinks you are very much changed:  
And 'tis but with a litt'e sorrowing, to make folkes belieue  
The death of your Father grieues you,  
And 'tis nothing so.

*Hen. 5.* I prethee *Ned* mend thy manners,  
And be more modester in thy tearmes,  
For my vnfeined griefe is not to be ruled by thy flattering  
And

of Henry the fifth.

And dissembling talke, thou sayest I am changed,  
So I am indeed, and so must thou be and that quickly,  
Or else I must cause thee to be chaunged.

*Iac.* Gogs wounds how like you this,  
Sownds, tis not so sweet as Musicke.

*Tom.* I trust we haue not offended your Grace no way.

*Hen. 5.* Ah *Tom.*, your former life grieues me, (euer;  
And makes me to abandon and abolish your company for  
And therefore not vpon pain of death to approach my pre-  
By ten miles space, then if I heare well of you, (sence  
It may bee I will doe somewhat for you,  
Otherwise looke for no more fauour at my hands,  
Then at any other mans: And therefore be gone,  
We haue other matters to talke on.

*Exeunt Knights.*

Now my good Lord Archbishop of *Canterbury*,  
What say you to our Embassage into *France*?

*Archeb.* Your right to the French Crowne of *France*,  
Came by your great grandmother *Isabel*,  
Wife to King *Edward* the third,  
And sister to *Charles* the French King;  
Now if the French King deny it, as likely he will,  
Then must you take your sword in hand,  
And conquer the right.  
Let the vsurped French man know,  
Although your predecessors haue let it passe, you will not;  
For your Countrey men are willing with purse and men,  
To ayde you.

Then my good Lord, as it hath been alwayes knowne.  
That *Scotland* hath been in league with *France*,  
By a sort of pensions which yearly come from thence,  
I thinke it therefore best to conquere *Scotland*,  
And the I thinke that you may go more easily into *France*:  
And this is all that I can say, My good Lord. (*bury.*

*Hen. 5.* I thanke you, my good L. Archbishop of *Canter-*



*The famous Victoryes*

What say you my good Lord of *Oxford*?

*Oxf.* And please your Maiestie,  
I agree to my Lord Archbyshop, sauing in this,  
He that will *Scotland* winne, must first with *France* beginne:  
According to the old saying. (*France*,  
Therefore my good Lord, I thinke it best first to inuade  
For in conquering *Scotland*, you conquer but one.  
And conquere *France*, and conquere both.

*Enter Lord of Excester,*

*Exe.* And please your Maiesty.

*Hen. 5.* Now trust me my Lord,  
He was the last man that we talked of,  
I am glad that he is come to resolute vs of our answer,  
Commit him to our presence.

*Enter Duke of Yorke.*

*Yor.* God saue the life of my soueraigne Lord the King.

*Hen. 5.* Now my good Lord the Duke of *Yorke*,  
What newes from our brother the French King?

*Yorke.* And please your Maiestie,  
I deliuered him my Embassage,  
Whereof I tooke some deliberation,  
But for the answer he hath sent  
My Lord Embassador of *Burges*, the Duke of *Burgony*,  
*Monsieur le Cole*, with two hundred and fiftie horsemen,  
To bring the Embassage.

*Hen. 5.* Commit my Lord Archbyshop of *Burges*  
vnto our presence.

*Enter Archbyshop of Burges.*

*Hen. 5.* Now my Lord Archbyshop of *Burges*,  
We doe learne by our Lord Embassador,  
That you haue our message to doo  
From our brother the French King:  
Here my good Lord, according to our accustomed order,  
We giue you free libertie and license to speake,

With



*of Henry the fifth.*

with good audience.

*Archb.* God saue the mighty King of England,  
My Lord and Master, the most Christian King,  
*Charles* the seventh, the great and mighty king of France,  
As a most noble and Christian king,  
Not minding to shed innocent blood, is rather content  
To yeeld somewhat to your vnreasonable demaunds,  
That if fifty thousand crownes a yeare with his daughter  
The sayde Lady *Katheren*, in marriage,  
And some Crownes which he may well spare,  
Not hurting of his Kingdome,  
He is content to yeeld so far to your vnreasonable desire.

*Hen. 5.* Why then belike your Lord and Master,  
Thinke to puffle me vp with fifty thousand crowns a yere:  
No, tell thy Lord and Master,  
That all the crownes in *France* shall not serue me,  
Except the Crowne and Kingdome it selfe:  
And perchance hereafter I will haue his daughter.

*He deliuereth a Tunne of Tennis balles.*

*Archb.* And it please your Maiesty,  
My Lord Prince *Dolphin* greetes you well,  
With this Present.

*He deliuereth a Tunne of Tennis balles.*

*Hen. 5.* VVhat a guilded Tunne?  
I pray you my Lord of *Yorke*, looke what is in it.

*Yorke.* And it please your Grace,  
Here is a Carpet, and a Tunne of Tennis balles.

*Hen. 5.* A Tunne of Tennis balles?  
I pray you good my Lord Archbishop,  
What might the meaning thereof be.

*Archb.* And it please you my Lord,  
A messenger you know, ought to keepe close his message,  
And specially an Embassador.

*Hen. 5.* But I know that you may declare your message  
To a king, the law of Armes allowes no lesse.

### *The famous Victories.*

*Archb.* My Lord hearing of your wildnesse before your  
Fathers death, sent you this my good Lord,  
Meaning that you are more fitter for a Tennis Court  
Then a field, and more fitter for a Carpet then the Campe.

*Hen. 5.* My L. prince *Dolphin* is very pleasant with me:  
But tell him, that in steed of balles of leather,  
We will toss him balles of brasse and yron,  
Yea, such balles, as neuer were tost in *France*,  
The proudest Tennis Court shall rue it,  
I, and thou Prince of *Burges* shall rue it.  
Therefore get thee hence, and tell him thy message quickly  
Least I be there before thee: Away priest, be gone.

*Archb.* I beseech your Grace, to deliuer mee your safe  
Conduct vnder your broad Seale Emanuel.

*Hen. 5.* Priest of *Burges*, know,  
That the hand and seale of a King, and his word is all one,  
And in steed of my hand and seale,  
I will bring him my hand and sword.  
And tell thy Lord & Master, that I *Harry* of England said it  
And I *Harry* of England, will performe it.  
My Lord of *Yorke*, deliuer him our safe conduct,  
Vnder our broad seale Emanuel.

*Exeunt Archbishop and the Duke of Yorke.*

Now my Lords, to Armes, to Armes,  
For I vow by heauen and earth, that the proudest  
French man in all *France*, shall rue the time that euer  
These Tennis balles were sent into England.  
My Lord, I wil that there be provided a great nauy of ships  
With all speed, at *South-Hampton*.  
For there I meane to ship my men,  
For I would be there before him, if it were possible,  
Therefore come, but stay,  
I had almost forgot the chiefeest thing of all, with chasing  
With this French Embassadour.  
Call in my Lord chiefe Iustice of England.

*Enters*

*of Henry the fifth.*

*Enters Lord Chiefe Iustice of England.*

*Exr.* Here is the King my Lord.

*Iustice.* God preserue your Maiesty.

*Hen. 5.* Why how now my Lord, what is the matter?

*Iustice.* I would it were vnknowne to your Maiesty:

*Hen. 5.* Why what ayle you?

Your Maiesty knoweth my grieffe well.

*Hen. 5.* Oh my Lord, you remember you sent me to the Fleet, did you not.

*Iust.* I trust your Grace hath forgotten that.

*Hen. 5.* I truly my Lord, and for reuengement,  
I haue chosen you to be my Protector ouer my Realme,  
Vntill it shall please God to giue me speedy returne  
Out of France.

*Iust.* And if it please your Maiesty, I am farre vnworthy  
Of so high a dignity.

*Hen. 5.* Tut my Lord, you are not vnworthy,  
Because I thinke you worthy:

For you that would not spare me,

I thinke will not spare another.

It must needs be so, and therefore come,

Let vs be gone, and get our men in a readinesse.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter a Captaine, Iohn Cobler and his wife.*

*Cap.* Come, come, there is no remedy,  
Thou must needs serue the King.

*Iohn.* Good master Captaine let me goe,  
I am not able to go so farre.

*Wife.* I pray you good Master Captaine,  
Bee good to my husband.

*Cap.* Why I am sure he is not too good to serue the King:

*Iohn.* Alasse no: but a great deale too bad,  
Therefore I pray you let me go.

*Cap.* No, no, thou shalt go.

*Iohn*

*The famous Victories*

*Iohn*. Oh sir, I haue a great many shooes at home for to cobble,

*Wife*. I pray you let him goe home againe.

*Cap*. Tush I care not, thou shalt goe.

*Wife*. Oh wife, and you had been a louing wife to mee,  
This had not been, for I haue sayd many times,  
That I would goe away, and now I must goe  
Against my will.

*Hee weepeth.*

*Enter Dericke.*

*Der*. How now ho, *Basillus manius*, for an old codpeece,  
Master Captaine shall we away:

Sowndes how now *Iohn*, what a crying,

What make you and my dame there?

I maruell whose head you will throw the stooles at,

Now we are gone.

*Wife*. Ile tell you, come ye cloghead,

What doe you with my potlid? heare you,

Will you haue it rapt about your pate.

*She beateth him with her potlid.*

*Der*. Oh good dame, *here he shakes her.*

And I had my dagger here, I would worie you all to peece  
That I would.

*Wife*. Would you so, Ile trie that.

*She beateth him.*

*Der*. Master Captaine will yee suffer her?

Goe too dame, I will goe backe as farre as I can,

But and you come againe,

Ile clap the Law on your backe thats flat,

Ile tell you Master Captaine what you shall doe?

Presse her for a souldier, I warrant you,

She wil doe as much good as her husband and I too.

*Enter the Theefe.*

Sownes, who comes yonder?

*Cap*. How now good fellow, dost thou want a Master?

*Theefe*

*of Henry the fifth.*

*Theefe.* Truly sir.

*Cap.* Hold thee then, I presse thee for a Souldier,  
To serue the King in *France*.

*Der.* How now Gads, what doest, knowest, thinkest?

*Theefe.* I, I knew thee long agoe.

*Der.* Heare you maister Captaine?

*Cap.* What sayst thou?

*Der.* I pray you let me goe home againe.

*Cap.* Why what woldst thou doe at home?

*Der.* Marry I haue brought two shirts with me,  
And I would carry one of them home againe,  
For I am sure heele steale it from me,  
He is such a filching fellow.

*Cap.* I warrant thee hee will not steale it from thee,  
Come lets away.

*Der.* Come maister Captaine lets away,  
Come follow me.

*John.* Come Wife, lets part louingly,

*Wife.* Farewell good husband.

*Der.* Fye what a kissing and crying is here?  
Sownes, do ye thinke he will neuer come againe?  
Why *John* come away, doest thinke that we are so base  
Minded to die among French-men?

Sownes, we know not whether they will lay  
Vs in their Church or no: Come, M. Captaine, lets away.

*Cap.* I cannot stay no longer, therefore come away.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter the King, Prince Dolphin, and Lord  
high Constable of France.*

*King.* Now my Lord high Constable,  
What say you to our Embassage into England?

*Const.* And it please your Maiestie, I can say nothing,  
Vntill my Lords Embassadors be come home,  
But yet me thinkes your grace hath done well,  
To get your men in so good a readinesse.

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For

- The famous Victories -

For feare of the worst.

*King.* I my Lord we haue some in a readinesse,  
But if the King of *England* make against vs,  
We must haue thrice so many moe.

*Dolphin.* Tut my Lord, although the King of *England* be  
Young and wilde headed, yet neuer thinke hee will be so  
Vnwise to make battell against the mightie King of  
*France*,

*King.* Oh my sonne, although the King of *England* be  
Young and wilde headed, yet neuer thinke but he is rulde  
By his wise Councillors.

*Enter Archbishop of Burges.*

*Archb.* God saue the life of my soueraign lord the King.

*King.* Now my good Lord Archbishop of *Burges*,  
What newes from our brother the English King?

*Arch.* And please your Maiestie,  
He is so far from your expectation,  
That nothing will serue him but the Crowne  
And Kingdome it selfe, besides, he bad me haste quickly,  
Least hee be there before mee, and so farre as I heare  
He hath kept promise: for they say he is already landed  
At *Kidcocke* in *Normandie*, vpon the Riuer of *Seine*.  
And layd his siege to the Garrison Towne of *Hartflew*.

*King.* You haue made great haste in the meane time,  
Haue you not?

*Dolphin.* I pray you my Lord, how did the King of  
*England* take my presents?

*Archb.* Truly my Lord, in very ill part,  
For these your balles of leather,  
He will toss you balles of brasse and yron.  
Trust me my Lord, I was verie affraide of him,  
Hee is such a hautie and high minded Prince,  
He is as fierce as a Lyon.

*Con.* Tush, we will make him as tame as a lambe,  
I warrant you.

*En-*

of Henry the fifth.

Enters a Messenger.

*Messen.* God saue the mightie King of *France*.

*King.* Now Messenger, what newes?

*Messen.* And it please your Maiestie

I come from your poore distressed Towne of *Harflew*,

Which is so beset on euery side,

If your Maiestie doe not send present ayde,

The Towne will be yeelded to the *English King*.

*King.* Come my Lords, come, shall we stand still

Till our Countrey be spoyled vnder our noses?

My Lords, let the *Normans*, *Brabants*, *Pickardies*,

And *Dauers*, be sent for with all speede:

And you my Lord high. Constable, I make Generall  
Ouer all my whole Armie.

*Monsieur le Colle*, Maister of the Boas,

*Signior Deuens*, and the rest, at your appointment,

*Dolph.* I trust your Maiestie will bestow,

Some part of the battell on mee,

I hope not to present any otherwise then well.

*King.* I tell thee my sonne,

Although I should get the victory, and thou lose thy life,

I should thinke my selfe quite conquered,

And the *Englishmen* to haue the victorie.

*Dolph.* Why my Lord and Father,

I would haue the pettie King of *England* to know,

That I dare encounter him in any ground of the world.

*King.* I know well my sonne,

But at this time I will haue it thus:

Therefore come away.

*Exeunt omnes.*

Enters Henry the fifth, with his Lordes.

*Hen. 5.* Come my Lords of *England*,

No doubt this good lucke of winning this Towne.

Is a signe of an honourable victorie to come.

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### *The famous Victories*

But good my Lord, go and speake to the Captaines  
With all speed, to number the hoast of the French men.  
And by that meanes we may the better know  
How to appoint the battell.

*Torke.* And it please your Maiesty,  
There are many of your men sicke and diseased,  
And many of them die for want of victuals.

*Hen. 5.* And why did you not tell me of it before?  
If we cannot haue it for money,  
We will haue it by dint of sword.  
The law of armes allow no lesse.

*Oxf.* I beseech your grace, to grant me a boone.

*Hen. 5.* What is that my good Lord?

*Oxf.* That your grace would giue me the Euantgard in  
the battell.

*Hen. 5.* Trust me my Lord of *Oxford* I cannot:  
For I haue already giuen it to my vncle the Duke of *Torke*,  
Yet I thanke you for your good will.

*A Trumpet sounds.*

How now, what is that?

*Torke.* I thinke it be some Herald of armes.

*Enters a Herald.*

*Herald.* King of England, my Lord high Constable,  
And others of the Noble men of *France*,  
Sends me to defie thee, as open enemy to God,  
Our Countrey, and vs, and hereupon,  
They presently bid thee battell.

*Hen. 5.* Herald tell them, that I defie them,  
As open enemies, to God, my Countrey, and me,  
And as wrongfull vsurpers of my right:  
And whereas thou sayest they presently bid me battell,  
Tell them that I thinke they know how to please me:  
But I pray thee what place hath my Lord Prince *Dolphin*  
Here in battell.

*Herald.* And it please your Grace,

My



*of Henry the fifth.*

My Lord and King his father,  
Will not let him come into the field.

*Hen. 5.* Why then he doth me great iniury,  
I thought that he and I shuld haue plaid at tennis together  
Therefore I haue brought tennis balles for him,  
But other manner of ones then he sent me.  
And Herald, tell my Lord Prince *Dolphin*,  
That I haue inured my hands with other kind of weapons  
Then tennis balles, ere this time a day,  
And that he shall finde it, ere it be long,  
And so adue my friend:  
And tell my Lord that I am ready when he will.

*Exit Herald.*

Come my Lords, I care not and I go to our Captaines,  
And ile see the number of the French army my selfe.  
Strike vp the Drumme.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter French Souldiers.*

1 *Soul.* Come away lacke Drummer, come away all,  
And me will tell you, what me will doo,  
Me will tro one chance on the dice,  
Who shall haue the king of England and his Lords.

2. *Soul.* Come away lacke Drummer,  
And tro your chance, and lay downie your Drumme.

*Enter Drummer.*

*Drum.* Oh the braue apparrell that the English mans  
Hay broth ouer, I will tell you what  
Me ha done, me ha provided a hundreth trunks,  
And all to put the fine parel of the English mans in.

1. *Soul.* What doe you meane by trunks?

2. *Soul.* A sheft man, a hundred shefts.

1. *Soul.* Awee, awee, awee, Me will tell you whar,  
Me ha put fise shildren out of my house,  
And all too little to put the fine apparrell of the  
English mans in.

### *The famous Victories*

*Drum.* Oh the braue the braue apparrell that wee shall haue anon, but come, and you shall see what me will tro at the Kings Drummer and Fife,  
Ha, me ha no good lucke, tro you.

3 *Soul.* Faith me will tro at the Earle of *Northumberland* And may Lord a *Willowbie*, with his great horse,  
Snorting, farting, oh braue horse.

1. *Soul.* Ha, bur Lady you ha reasonable good lucke,  
Now I will tro at the King himselfe,  
Ha, me haue no good lucke.

*Enters a Capitaine.*

*Cap.* How now what make you here,  
So farre from the Campe?

2. *Soul.* Shal me tell our captain, what we haue done here?

*Drum.* A wee, a wee.

*Exeunt Drum and one souldier.*

2. *Soul.* I will tell you what we haue done,  
We haue been troing on shance on the Dice,  
But none can win the King.

*Cap.* I thinke so, why he is left behind for mee  
And I haue set three or foure chaire makers a worke,  
To make a new disguised chaire to set that womanly King  
of England in, that all the people may laugh and scoffe at him.

2. *Soul.* O braue Capitaine.

*Cap.* I am glad and yet with a kind of pittie,  
To see the poore King.

Who euer saw a more flourishing armie in *France* in one day then here is. Are not here all the Peeres of *France*?  
Are not here the Normans with their fierie hand Gunnes,  
and slaunching Curtleaxes,  
Are not here the Barbarians with their hard horses, and  
slaunching speares.  
Are not here Pickardes with their Crosbows and piercing  
Darts,

The

*of Henry the fifth.*

The Henues with their cutting Glaues, and sharpe Car-  
buckles.

Are not here the Lance Knights of Burgundie?  
And on the other side, a site of poore English scabs?  
Why take an English man out of his warme bed,  
And his stale drinke but one moneth,  
And alas, what will become of him:  
But giue the Frenchman a Reddish root,  
And he will liue with it all the dayes of his life.

*Exit.*

*1. Soul.* Oh the braue apparrell that we shall haue of the  
English mans.

*Exit.*

*Enters the King of England, and his Lords.*

*Hen. 5.* Come my Lords and fellowes of Armes,  
What company is there of the French men?

*Oxf.* And it please your Maiesty,  
Our Captaines haue numbred them,  
And so neare as they can iudge,  
They are about threescore thousand horsemen,  
And forty thousand footmen.

*Hen. 5.* They threescore thousand,  
And we but two thousand.  
They threescore thousand footmen,  
And we twelue thousand.  
They are a hundred thousand,  
And we forty thousand, ten to one.  
My Lords and louing Countrey men,  
Though we be few, and they many,  
Feare not, your quarrell is good, and God will defend you:  
Plucke vp your hearts, for this day we shall eyther haue  
A valiant victory, or an honourable death.  
Now my Lords, I will that my vncke the Duke of *Yorke*,  
Haue the auantgard in the battell.  
The Earle of *Darby*, the Earle of *Oxford*,  
The Earle of *Kent*, the Earle of *Nottingham*.

The

*The famous Victories*

The Earle of *Huntington*, I will haue beside the army,  
That they may come fresh vpon them.  
And I my selfe with the Duke of *Bedford*,  
The Duke of *Clarence*, and the Duke of *Gloster*,  
Will be in the midst of the battell.  
Furthermore, I will that my Lord of *Willowbie*,  
And the Earle of *Northumberland*,  
With their troupes of horsemen, be continually running  
like Wings on both sides of the army:  
My Lord of *Northumberland*, on the left wing.  
Then I will that every archer prouide him a stake of a tree,  
and sharpe it at both ends.  
And at the first encounter of the horsemen,  
To pitch their stakes downe into the ground before them,  
That they may gore themselves vpon them,  
And then to recoyle backe, and shoot wholly altogether,  
And so discomfite them.

*Oxf.* And it please your Maiesty,  
I will take that in charge, if your Grace be therewith content

*Hen.* With all my heart, my good Lord of *Oxford*,  
And go and prouide quickly.

*Oxf.* I thanke your Highnesse.

*Exit.*

*Hen.* 5, Well my Lords, our battels are ordayned,  
And the French making bonfires, and at their banquets,  
But let them looke, for I meane to set vpon them.

*The Trumpet sounds.*

Soft, here comes some other French message.

*Enters Herald.*

*Herald.* King of England my Lord high Constable,  
And other of my Lords, considering the poor estate of thee  
And thy poore Countrey men,  
Sends me to know what thou wilt giue for thy ransome?  
Perhaps thou mayest agree better cheape now,  
Then when thou art conquered.

*Hen.* 5.

*of Henry the fifth.*

*Henry.* Why then belike your high Constable,  
Sends to know what I will giue for my Ransome?  
Now trust me Herald, not so much as a tun of Tennis-balls,  
No not so much as one poore Tennis-ball:  
Rather shall my body lie dead in the Field to feed crows,  
Then euer *England* shall pay one penny ransome  
For my bodie.

*Herald.* A Kingly resolution,

*Henry 5.* No Herald, tis a Kingly resolution.  
And the resolution of a King:  
Here take this for thy paines.

*Exit Herald.*

But stay my Lords, what time is it?

*All.* Prime my Lord.

*Hen. 5.* Then it is good time no doubt,  
For all *England* prayeth for vs:  
What my Lords, me thinks you looke theerfully vpon me?  
Why then with one voyce, and like true English hearts,  
With me throw vp your caps, and for *England*.  
Crie *S. George*, and God and *S. George* helpe vs.

*Strike Drummes.*

*Exeunt omnes.*

*[The French-mencry within, S. Dennis, S. Dennis.*

*Alouut, Ioy, Saint Dennis.*

*The Battell.*

*Enters King of England, and his Lords.*

*Hen. 5.* Come my Lords, come, by this time our  
Swords are almost drunke with French blood,  
But my Lodes, which of you can tell me how many of our  
Armie be slaine in the Battell?

*Oxf.* And it please your Maiestie,  
There are of the French Armie slaine,  
Aboue ten thousand, twentie sixe hundred,  
Whereof are Princes and Nobles bearing Banners:  
Besides, all the Nobilitie of *France*, are taken prisoners.

*The famous Victories*

Of your Maiestie Armie, are slaine none but the good Duke of *Yorke*, and not above fūe or fixe and twentie Common souldiours.

*Hen.* For the good Duke of *Yorke* my Vnckle, I am heartily sorrie, and greatly lament his misfortune, Yet the honourable victorie which the Lord hath giuen vs, Doth make me much reioyce. But stay, Here comes another French. Message.

*Sound Trumpet.*

*Enters a Herald, and kneeleth.*

*Her.* God saue the life of the most mightie Conqueror, The honourable King of *England*?

*Hen. 5.* Now Herald, me thinks the world is changed With you now: what? I am sure it is a great disgrace for a Herald to kneele to the King of *England*. What is thy message?

*Her.* My Lord & Maister, the conquered King of *France*, Sends thee long health, with heartie greeting.

*Hen. 5.* Herald his greetings are welcome, But I thanke God for my health: Well Herald, say on.

*Herald.* He hath sent me to desire your Maiestie, To giue him leaue to goe into the field to view his poore Countrey-men, that they may all be honourably buried.

*Hen. 5.* Why Herald, doth thy Lord and Maister, Send to me to bury the dead, Let him bury them a Gods name. But I pray thee Herald, where is my Lord high Constable; And those that would haue had my ransome?

*Herald.* And it please your Maiestie, He was slaine in the battell.

*Hen. 5.* Why you may see, you will make your selues Sure before the victory be wonne: but Herald, What Castle is this, so neere adioyning to our Campe?

*Herald.* And it please your Maiestie,

*Tis*

of Henry the fifth.

Ths calde the Castle of Agincourt.

Hen. 5. Well then my Lords of England,  
For the more honour, of our Englishmen,  
I will that this be for ever calde the battell of Agincourt.

Herald. And it please your Maiesty,  
I haue a further message to deliuer to your Maiesty.

Hen. 5. What is that Herald, say on.

Her. And it please your Maiesty, my Lord and Master,  
Craues to parley with your Maiesty.

Hen. 5. With a good will, so some of my Nobles  
View the place for feare of trechery and treason.

Herald. Your Grace needs not to doubt that,

*Exit Herald.*

Hen. 5. Well, tell him then I will come.  
Now my Lords, I will goe into the field my selfe,  
To view my Countrey men, and to haue them honourably  
buried, for the French King shall neuer surpasse me in cur-  
tisie, whiles I am Harry King of England.  
Come on my Lords.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Iohn Cobler, and Robin Permyer.*

Robin. Now, Iohn Cobler,  
Didst thou see how the King did behaue himselfe?

Iohn. But Robin, didst thou see what a policy  
The King had, to see how the French men were kilde  
With the stakes of the trees.

Robin. I Iohn, there was a braue pollicie.

*Enter an English Souldier running.*

Soul. What are you my masters?

Both. Why we be Englishmen.

Soul. Are you English men, then change your language,  
For all the Kings tents are set a fire,  
And all they that speake English will be kilde.

Iohn. What shall we do Robin, saith ile shift,  
For I can speake broken French.



## *The famous Victories*

*Robin.* Faith so can I, lets heare how thou canst speake  
*John.* *Commedailes Monsieur.*

*Robin.* Thats well, come lets be gone.

*Drum and Trumpets sound.*

*Enter Dericke roming After him a Frenchman,  
and takes him prisoner.*

*Dericke.* O good *Monsieur.*

*French-man.* Come, come, you villaine.

*Der.* O I will sir, I will,

*Frenchman.* Come quickly you pesant.

*Der.* I will sir, what shall I giue you?

*French.* Marry thou shalt giue me,

One, to, tre, foure hundred Crownes.

*Der.* Nay sir, I will giue you more,

I will giue you as many Crowas as will lye on your sword.

*French.* Wilt thou giue me as many crownes

As will lye on my sword?

*Der.* I marrie will I, I but you must lye downe your  
Sword, or else they will not lye on your sword.

*Here the Frenchman layes downe his Sword, and the  
Clowne takes it vp, and hurles him downe.*

*Der.* Thou villaine, darest thou looke vp?

*French.* O good *Monsieur comparsene.*

*Monsieur,* pardon me.

*Der.* O you villaine, now you lye at my mercy,  
Dorest thou remember since thou lambst me in thy short cle?  
O villaine, now I will strike off thy head.

*Here while he turns his backe, the French  
man runnes his wayes.*

*Der.* What is he gone, masse I am glad of it,  
For if he had staid, I was afraid he would haue sturd againe  
And then I should haue beene spilt,  
But I will away, to kill more Frenchmen.

*Enters King of France, King of England,  
and attendants.*

*Hen. 5.*

*of Henry the fifth.*

*Hen. 5.* Now my good brother of *France*,  
My coming into this land was not to shed blood,  
But for the right of my Countrey, which if you can deny,  
I am content peaceably to leaue my siege,  
And to depart out of your land.

*Charles.* What is your demandaund,  
My louing brother of *England*?

*Hen. 5.* My Secretary hath it written, read it.

*Secretary.* Item, that immediately *Henry* of *England*  
Be crowned King of *France*.

*Charles* A very hard sentence,  
My good brother of *England*.

*Hen. 5.* No more but right, my good brother of *France*.

*French King.* Well reade on.

*Secret.* Item that after the death of the said *Henry*,  
The Crowne remaine to him and his heyres for euer.

*French King.* Why then you doe not onely meane to dis-  
possesse me, but also my sonne.

*Hen. 5.* Why my good brother of *France*,  
You haue had it long inough:

And as for Prince *Dolphin*,  
It skils not though he sit beside the saddle:  
Thus I haue set it downe, and thus it shall be.

*French King.* You are very peremptory,  
My good brother of *England*.

*Hen. 5.* And you as peruerse, my good brother of *France*.

*Charles.* Why then belike all that I haue here is yours.

*Hen. 5.* I euen as farre as the kingdom of *France* reaches.

*Charles.* I for by this hate beginning,  
We shall scarce bring it to a calme ending.

*Hen. 5.* It is as you please, here is my resolution.

*Charles.* Well my brother of *England*,  
If you will giue me a copy,  
We will meet you againe to morrow.

*Exit King of France, and all their attendants.*

*The famous Victories.*

*Hen. 5.* With a good will my good brother of *France*,  
Secretary deliuer him a Copie,  
My Lords of England goe before,  
And I will follow you. *Exeunt Lords.*

*Speakes to himselfe.*

*Henry 5.* Ah *Harry*, thrice vnhappy *Harry*,  
Hast thou now conquerd the French King,  
And begins a fresh supply with his daughter,  
But with what face canst thou seeke to gaine her loue,  
Which hast sought to win her fathers Crowne?  
Her fathers Crowne said I, no it is mine owne:  
I but I loue her, and must craue her,  
Nay I loue her, and will haue her.

*Enters Lady Katherine and her Ladies.*

But here shee comes:  
How now sayre Lady *Katherine* of *France*,  
VWhat newes.

*Katherine.* And it please your Maicesty,  
My father sent me to know if you will debate any of these  
Vnreasonable demands, which you require.

*Hen. 5.* Now trust me *Kate*,  
I commend thy fathers wit greatly in this,  
For none in the world could sooner haue made me debate  
If it were possible: (it,  
But tell me sweet *Kate*, canst thou tell how to loue.

*Kate.* I cannot hate my good Lord,  
Therefore farre vnfit were it for me to loue.

*Hen. 5.* Tush *Kate*, but tell me in plaine termes,  
Canst thou loue the King of England,  
I cannot doe as these Countries doe,  
That spend halfe their time in wooing:  
Tush wench, I am none such,  
But wilt thou go ouer to England.

*Kate.* I would to God, that I had your maicesty,  
As fast in loue, as you haue my father in warres,

I would

*of Henry the fifth.*

I would not vouchsafe so much as one looke,  
Vntill you had related all these vnreasonable demands.

*Kate.* Tush *Kate*, I know thou wouldst not vse mee so hardly: but tell me, canst thou loue the King of England?

*Kate.* How should I loue him, that hath dealt so hardly with my father.

*Hen. 5.* But ile deale as easily with thee,  
As thy heart can imagine, or tongue require,  
How sayst thou, what will it be?

*Kate.* If I were of my owne direction,  
I could giue you answers:  
But seeing I stand at my fathers direction,  
I must first know his will.

*Hen. 5.* But shall I haue thy good will in the mean season?

*Kate.* Whereas I can put your Grace in no assurance,  
I would be loath to put your Grace in any despayre.

*Hen. 5.* Now before God, it is a sweet wench.

*She goes aside, and speaks as followeth.*

*Kate.* I may thinke my selfe the happiest in the World,  
That is beloued of the mightie king of England.

*Hen. 5.* Well *Kate*, are you at hoast with me?  
Sweete *Kate*, tell thy father from me,

That none in the world could sooner haue perswaded mee  
to it then thou, and so tell thy father from me.

*Kate.* God keepe your Maiesty in good health.

*Exit Kate.*

*Hen. 5.* Farewell sweet *Kate*, in faith it is a sweet wench,  
But if I knew I could not haue her fathers good will,  
I would so rowse the Towers ouer his cares,  
That I would make him be glad to bring her me,  
Vpon his hands and knees.

*Exit King.*

*Enters Dericke with his girdle full of shoes.*

*Der.* How now? Sownes it did me good to see how I did  
triumph ouer the French men.

## The famous Victories.

*Enters Iohn Cobler roning, with a pake full  
of apparrell.*

*Iohn.* Whoope *Dericke*, how doest thou?

*Der.* What *Iohn Comedanales*, aliuie yet.

*Iohn.* I promise thee *Dericke*, I scapt hardly,  
For I was within halfe a mile when one was kilde.

*Der.* Were you so.

*Iohn.* I trust me; I had like beene slaine.

*Der.* But once kilde, why it tis nothing,  
I was foure or fve times slaine.

*Iohn.* Foure or fve times slaine.

Why how couldst thou haue beene aliuie now?

*Der.* O *Iohn*, neuer say so,

For I was calde the bloody souldier amongst them all.

*Iohn.* Why what didst thou?

*Der.* Why, I will tell thee *Iohn*,

Every day when I went into the field,  
I would take a straw, and thrust it into my nose,  
And make my nose bleed, & then I would go into the field  
And when the Captaine saw me, he would say,  
Peace a bloody souldier, and bid me stand aside,  
Whereof I was glad:

But marke the chance *Iohn*.

I went and stood behind a tree, but marke then *Iohn*.

I thought I had beene safe, but on a sodaine,

There steps to me a lusty tall French-man,

Now he drew, and I drew,

Now I lay here, and he lay there.

Now I set this leg before, and turned this backward,

And skipped quite ouer a hedge,

And he saw me no more there that day,

And was not this well done *Iohn*.

*Iohn.* Masse *Dericke*, thou hast a witty head.

*Der.* I *Iohn*, thou maist see, if thou hadst taken my counsel  
But what hast thou there?

I thinke

of Henry the fifth.

I thinke thou hast bene robbing the French-men.

*John.* Itaith *Dericke*, I haue gotten some reparrell,  
To carry home to my Wife.

*Der.* And I haue got some shooes,  
For Ile tell thee what I did, when they were dead,  
I would go take off all theyr shooes.

*John.* I, but *Dericke*, how shall wee get home?

*Der.* Nay, sownds and they take thee,  
They will hang thee,  
O *John*, neuer doe so, if it be thy Fortune to be hangd,  
Be hangd in thy owne language whatsoeuer thou doest.

*John.* Why *Dericke*, the warres is done,  
We may goe home now.

*Der.* I, but you may not go before you aske the king leaue  
But I know a way to go home, and aske the king no leaue.

*John.* How is that *Dericke*?

*Der.* Why *John*, thou knowest the Duke of *Torkes*  
Funerall must be carryed into *England*, doest thou not?

*John.* I, that I doe.

*Der.* Why then thou knowest weele go with it.

*John.* I but *Dericke*, how shall wee doe for to meet them?

*Der.* Sownds if I make not shift to meet them, hang me.

Syrre, thou knowest that in euery Towne there will  
Be ringing, and there will be cakes and drinke:

Now I will goe to the Clarke and Sexton,

And keepe a talking, and say, O this fellow rings well:

And thou shalt goe and take a piece of cake, then ile ring,

And thou shalt say, Oh this fellow keepes a good stint,

And then I wil goe drinke to thee all the way:

But I maruell what my dame wil say when we come home,

Because we haue not a French word to cast at a Dog

By the way?

*John.* Why what shall we doe *Dericke*?

*Der.* Why *John*, ile goe before, and call my dame whore,  
And thou shalt come after, and set fire on the house.

G

We

### *The famous Victories*

We may doe it *Iohn*, for ile proue it,  
Because we be souldiers.

*The Trumpets sound.*

*Iohn*, *Dericke* helpe me to carry my shooes and bootes.

*Enters King of England, Lord of Oxford, and Excceter, then the  
King of France, Prince Dolphin, and the Duke of Burgundy,  
and attendants.*

*Hen. 5.* Now my good brother of *France*,  
I hope by this ttime you haue deliberated of your answer.

*French King.* I my welbeloued brother of *England*,  
We haue viewed it ouer with our learned Councell,  
But cannot finde that you should be crowned  
King of *France*.

*Hen. 5.* What not King of *France*, then nothing,  
I must be king: but my louing brother of *France*,  
I can hardly forget the late iniuries offered me,  
When I came last to parley,  
The French men had better a raked,  
The bowels out of their fathers carkasses,  
Then to haue fiered my Tentcs.  
And if I knew thy sonne Prince *Dolphin* for one,  
I would so rowse him, as he was neuer so rowfed.

*Fr. King.* I dare sweare for my sonnes Innocency in this  
matter.

But if this please you, that immediately you be  
Proclaimes and crowned Heyre and Regent of *France*,  
Not king, because I my selfe was once crowned king.

*Hen. 5.* Heyre and Regent of *France*, that is well,  
But that is not all that I must haue.

*Fr. King.* The rest my Secretary hath in writing.

*Secret.* Item, that *Henry* king of *England*,  
Be crowned heyre and Regent of *France*,  
During the life of king *Charles*, and after his death,

The



of Henry the fifth.

The Crowne with all rights, to remaine to King Henry  
Of England, and to his heyres for euer.

Hen. 5. Well my good brother of France,  
There is one thing I must needes desire.

Fr. King. What is that my good brother of England?

Hen. 5. That all your Nobles must be sworne to be true  
to me.

Fr. King. Whereas they haue not stucke with greater  
matters, I know they will not sticke with such a trifle,  
Beginne you my Lord Duke of Burgondie,

Hen. 5. Come my Lord of Burgondie,  
Take your oath vpon my sword.

Burgon. I Philip Duke of Burgondie,  
Swear to Henry King of England,  
To be true to him, and to become his league-man,  
And that if I Philip heare of any forraigne power,  
Comming to inuade the sayde Henry, or his heyres,  
Then I the sayde Philip to send him word,  
And ayde him with all the power I can make,  
And thereunto I take my oath.

*He kisseth the sword.*

Hen. 5. Come Prince Dolphin, you must sweare too.

*He kisseth the sword,*

Hen. 5. Well my brother of France,

There is one thing more I must needes require of you.

Fr. King. Wherein is it that we may satisfie your Maie-

Hen. 5. A trifle my good brother of France. (sitt,  
I meane to make your daughter Queene of England,  
If she be willing, and you therewith content:

How sayst thou Kate, canst thou loue the King of England.

Kate. How should I loue thee, which is my fathers ent-

Hen. 5. Tut stand not vpon these points, (mic.  
Tis you must make vs friends:

I know Kate, thou art not a little proud, that I loue thee,  
What wench, the king of England.

## *The famous Victories*

*Fr. King.* Daughter let nothing stand betwixt the king  
of England and thee, agree to it.

*Kate.* I had best whilst he is willing,  
Left when I would, he will not,  
I rest at your Maesties commaund.

*Hen. 5.* Welcome sweet *Kate*, but my brother of France  
What say you to it?

*French King.* With all my heart I like it,  
But when shall be your wedding day?

*Hen. 5.* The first Sunday of the next moneth,  
God willing.

*Sound Trumpets.*

*Exeunt omnes.*

**FINIS.**



